

Horatius Flaccus (Q.) *11641 h. 8* *34*
1c — *AN* *1-4*
IMITATION

OF THE

Seventeenth EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK of HORACE.

Address'd to Dr. S—ft.

By Mr. *DIAPER*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-*
Hall. 1714.

(Price Three-pence.)

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OF THE

SACRED EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

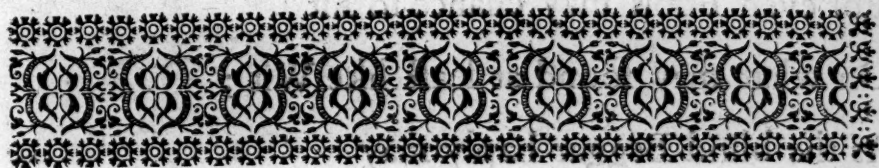
Addressed to Dr. A. —



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A N

Imitation of the Seventeenth Epistle

O F T H E

First Book of *Horace*.

S I R,

THO' you are conversant at Court,
And where the *Beaux Esprit* resort,

Know all the Niceties and Rules,

Not to be taught in *Logick* Schools.

Yet for the Jest's sake hear the Thought

Of one bred up in homely Cott,

Quamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis, & scis
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti
Disce—

A 2

For

For even Fools may chance to hit
 On what may sound at least like Wit ;
 As the blind Beggar haply may
 Point out to Travellers the Way.
 Well then (first Pardon ask'd) I dare
 Affirm, that he who loves good Air,
 Would sleep, nor have the Morning Cries
 Or Hackney Coach unlock his Eyes ;
 If his weak Sight can't bear the Streets,
 When Clouds are rais'd by Summer Heats ;
 If he hates Brawls and Tavern Scores,
 And Impudence of Strowling Whores,
 He'll rather chuse to coach it down
 To *Hampshire* Fields, and Country Town.

—Adhuc, quæ censet amicus, ut si
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit—
 Si te grata quies, & primam somnus in horam
 Delectat : Si te pulvis, strepitusq; rotarum,
 Si lædit caupona, Terentinum ire jubebo ;
 Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis.

For

For you may take a Peasant's Word,
 We have what *London* can't afford ;
 Nor can the Man, to say the worst,
 Who quiet lives be greatly curs'd ;
 Who breaths unknown, unheard of dies,
 Whose End no *Post-Boys* advertise.
 But--- he the great Ones must importune,
 Who makes his own or others Fortune.

The Country Parson turn'd in Years,
 Is neither plagu'd with Hopes or Fears,
 But undisturb'd in Study pent,
 Or is or would be thought content ;
 In sullen Contemplation sits,
 Pities the Bishops, rails at Wits.

Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensq; fefellit.
 — Si prodesse tuis, pauloq; benignius ipsum
 Te tractare voles, accedes ficcus ad unctum.

None

None (says old *Crape*) would cringe and fawn,
 For Silver Verge or Sleeves of Lawn;
 Or lordly Pow'r ambitious seek,
 Could they their Fast, as we do, break,
 And dine on Pie, as Parsons must,
 Made of Tithe-Apples and plain Crust.
 They need not then be hurry'd down
 To *Kensington* and *Windsor* Town,
 As often as the Court thinks fit
 To change the Air, and starve the Cit.
 This House and Glebe my Wishes crown,
 And what I have I call my own;
 I would depend on no Man's Gift,
 Nor do I envy Doctor *S---ft*.
 But then how nat'ral to reply,
 You hate the Court, good Reason why,

Si pranderet olus, patienter regibus uti
 Nolle Aristippus—

Love

Love Poverty and Rural Ease,
 Because you want the Art to please,
 Could you at *HARLEY*'s Table dine,
 Taste ev'ry Dish, and choose your Wine,
 Be deck'd with Scarf, and cloath'd in Silk,
 Farewel to Pie-Crust, Eggs and Milk.
 If in the Question you persist,
 Whether the Town or Country Priest
 Be in the right, I freely own
 I am my self a homebred Clown ;
 Yet not so void of Sense or Letters,
 As rudely to condemn my Betters.
 No--- the Beau Clerk, if he think fit,
 May make Reply to Rustick Wit,

— Si sciret regibus uti
 Fastideret olus, qui me notat. Utrius horum
 Verba probas, & facta, doce, vel—audi
 Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia—

If

If I at Leisure Hours compose
 Some hum'rous Strain in Verse or Prose,
Nobles with Pleasure read it o'er,
 I merit Fame, and — something more,
 While you in Parish preach and pray
 Each *Sabbath* Morn and Holy Day;
 For that poor Income you admire
 Must stoop to the insulting Squire.
 Those Tithes, the half of which they cheat,
 Are thought an Alms, and not a Debt;
 And pleas'd with *Dryden's One in Ten*,
 They own no Dues to Clergymen.
 If I wait on a noble Friend,
 'Tis but my Duty to attend;

—Namque
 Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt
 Scurror ego ipse mihi, populo tu. Rectius hoc
 Splendidius multo est—

And

And really, Sir, to go well drest,
 Mount a fine Horse, and eat the best,
 Need no Excuse with Men of Sense,
 And therefore I shall wave Defence.
 Besides, an easy gen'rous Mind
 Is to no way of Life confin'd ;
 Prepar'd for ev'ry Turn of Fate,
 Can frame it self to any State ;
 And Courtiers sometimes condescend
 To talk with Peasant as a Friend.
 But if this Reasoning be apply'd,
 It will not hold on t'other Side :
 A Wretch made for a Country Life,
 True to his Pulpit and his Wife,
 Who all his Pride and Grandeur shews
 In Funeral Scarff and Hatband-Rose ;

— Equus ut me portet, alat rex
 Officium facio ; Tu poscis vilia : Verum es
 Dante minor, quamvis fers te nullius elegantem
 Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res :
 Tentantem majora, fere præsentibus æquum.
 Contra, quem duplici panno patientia velat

B

Could

Could not his Dress or Manners fashion
 To suit with any higher Station ;
 A *Quaker* might as soon be brought
 To wear a Sword and Scarlet Coat,
 As he t' harangue the listning Fair
 With graceful Turn and courtlike Air,
 Dress'd up as spruce, as th' Author looks
 When plac'd by *Gucht* before his Books.
 Oft in his Coach the well-bred Dean,
 And often too on foot is seen ;
 Careless he walks thro' dirty Ways,
 Nor fears the Spouts on rainy Days.
 Sometimes at Visitation dines,
 Bears Clouds of Smoke and worst of Wines,
 Hears the loud Chat of sacred Rabble,
 And *Whig* and *Tory* Curates squabble.

Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.
 Alter purpurciæ non exspectabit amictum
 Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet,
 Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque
 Alter *Milei* textam cane pejus & angue

(II)

No Change the fullen *Cynick* knows,
Still doom'd to thrum and clouted Shoes ;
He cannot better be advis'd,
Poor, awkward, simple and despis'd.
Leave him to's Choice ; he'll die with Grief ;
Give him hard Pudding, give him Beef.
For Mortals can no farther go
Than Parts and Genius will allow.
But if we would distinguish right,
And rank each individual Wight,
Doubtless, those wondrous Patriots claim
The highest Pinnacle of Fame ;
Those Gods on Earth but one Remove
From the Almighty Pow'r of *Jove* ;
Who *Europe* by their Counsels bless,
Give Triumphs first, and after Peace.

Vitabit chlamydem ; morietur frigore, si non
Attuleris pannum, refer, & sine, vivat ineptus
Res gerere, & captos offendere civibus hostes
Attingit folium Jovis, & celestia tentat.
Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus.

The next of course who take their Places,
 Are those which are in their good Graces,
 Whom *Oxford's* Lord or *Bolingbroke's*
 Behold with favourable Looks ;
 For, Sir, to please the nicest Court,
 And shine among the better Sort,
 (If the *Grand Monde* may be allow'd
 To judge much better than the Crowd)
 Imply uncommon Worth, and raise
 Favourites above the vulgar Praise ;
 To fit familiarly, and chat
 With the first Minister of State,
 Is not allow'd to all who think
 They can talk well, or freely drink ;
 He must deserv't, who thus is blest,
 (*HARLEY* of all Men knows his Guest.)
 For those who know themselves unfit
 To please the Great, or aim at Wit,

Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum.

Want

Want Elocution and Address,
 The only Means to gain Access,
 May yet a Figure make in Village,
 Improve good Rules of artful Tillage,
 With honest Farmers take a Cup,
 And make their Differences up,
 Smoke in burnt Pipe, and drink good Ale,
 And Market-News by Fire retail.
 But Vertue, Wit and Humour join'd,
 For Corners never were design'd.
 None would St. *Patrick's* Dean forgive,
 Should he a Country Parson live ;
 If Honour be to Merit due,
 They but their proper End pursue,
 Who by superior Genius aim
 At just Rewards and lasting Fame.

Cedit, qui timuit, ne non succederet ; esto
 Quid qui pervenit ; fecitne viriliter ? atqui
 Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. Hic onus horret
 Ut parvis animis, & parvo corpore majus
 Hic jubet, & perfert ; aut virtus nomen inane est,
 Aut decus, & pretium recte petit experiens vir.

But

But under favour, Doctor S---ft,
 If any, you know how to shift ;
 I want a thousand Pounds, my Lord,
 Nay, instantly—but—say the Word ;
 If he denies, you tell him plain,
 E'en take your Deanery again.
 Quite otherwise it fares with those
 Who only by Assurance lose.
 When I my Patron gravely tell
 That truly Matters don't go well ;
 Wigs Colour change, and Cloths will wear,
 Duties remain, and Malt is dear,
 'Tis true, replies my wary Friend,
 But if Peace lasts, the Times will mend.
 Sir, had the Raven silent sat,
 Feasted unheard, and hugg'd her Fate,

Coram rege suo de paupertate tacentes
 Plus poscente ferent—
 Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater
 Et Fundus nec vendibilis, nec pascere firmus
 Qui dicit, clamat, victum date succinit alter

None had put in for any Share,

Nor envy'd the delicious Fare.

But now the Thing is nois'd about,

The needy Wits will find you out ;

Look for a Moiety, and hope

To have the Gleanings of the Crop.

Faith, 'tis too large a Share of Pelf

To hoard it up, or spend your self.

Out of this Stock you can't but lend

A Trifle to a poorer Friend ;

Take twenty Pieces from the Heap,

And 'twill the same Dimensions keep.

Now is the Time, for we despair

Ever to meet a Chance so fair.

Should you but move this Suit again,

Of Losses, Tithes and Fees complain,

Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra :
 Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus, haberet
 Plus dapis, & rixe multo minus, invidiæque
 Brundisium comes, aut Surrentum ductus amænum
 Qui queritur salebras, & acerbum, frigus & imbres

And

And tell how Taxes and Repairs
 Make *Parvisol* discount Arrears ;
HARLEY will think it all a Jest,
 And gravely smile at the Request.

So the kept Miss is always croft,
 This Toy is broke, and t'other lost.

This Gown, says she, I scower'd to save,
 'T has seen its best, as all mine have ;

Indeed 'twas soil'd, and quite worn out,
 Necessity will force one to't.

The Lover promises the Fair,
 To make all well with speedy Care ;

And as the coaxing Gypsy feigns,
 Buys *China*, Necklaces, and Chains :

But when still dunn'd with one Complaint,
 He laughs at the pretended Want.

Aut cistram effractam, & subducta viatica plorat,
 Nota refert meretricis acumina, sæpe catellam.
 Sæpe periscelidem raptam sibi flentis, uti mox
 Nulla fides damnis, &c.

FINIS.

